To beare a part in this: patience a while good *Caſsio*:
Lend me a light; know we this face, or no?
Alas my friend, and my deare countrey man:
Roderigo? no, yes ſure: O heauen *Roderigo*.
Gra. What of *Venice*?
Iag. Euen he ſir, did you know him?
Gra. Know him? I.
Iag. Seignior *Gratiano*, I cry you gentle pardon:
Theſe bloody accidents muſt excuſe my manners,
That ſo neglected you.
Gra. I am glad to ſee you.
Iag. How doe you *Caſsio*? O a chaire, a chaire.
Gra. *Roderigo*.
Iag. He, tis he: O that's well ſaid, a chaire:
Some good man beare him carefully from hence,
I'le fetch the Generalls Surgeon: for you miſtriſſe,
Saue you your labour, he that lies ſlaine here *Caſsio*,
Was my deare friend, what malice was betwixt you?
Caſ. None in the world, nor doe I know the man.
Iag. What, looke you pale? O beare him out o'th aire.
Stay you good Gentlewoman, looke you pale miſtriſſe?
Doe you perceiue the ieaſtures of her eye,
Nay, an you ſtirre, we ſhall haue more anon:
Behold her well I pray you, looke vpon her,
Doe you ſee Gentlemen? Nay guiltineſſe
Will ſpeake, though tongues were out of vſe. *Enter* Em.
Em. 'Las what's the matter? what's the matter husband?
Iag. *Caſsio* has here bin ſet on in the darke,
By *Roderigo*, and fellowes that are ſcap't,
Hee's almoſt ſlaine, and *Roderigo* dead.
Em. Alas good gentleman, alas good *Caſsio*.
Iag. This is the fruite of whoring, pray *Emillia*,
Goe know of *Caſsio*, where he ſupt to night:
What, doe you ſhake at that?
Bian. He ſupt at my houſe, but I therefore ſhake not.
Iag. O did he ſo, I charge you goe with me.
Em. Fie, fie vpon thee ſtrumpet.

Bian.

Bian. I am no ſtrumpet, but of life a
As you, that thus abuſe me.
Em. As I: fough, fie vpon thee.
Iag. Kind Gentlemen, let's goe ſee
Come miſtreſſe, you muſt tell's another
Emillia, runne you to the Cittadell,
And tell my Lord and Lady what has
Will you goe on, I pray, this is the nigh
That either markes me, or foredoes me

Enter Othello *with a lig*
Oth. It is the cauſe, it is the cauſe, m
Let me not name it to you, you chaſte
It is the cauſe, yet I'le not ſhed her blo
Nor ſcarre that whiter skin of hers, the
And ſmooth, as monumentall Alabla
Yet ſhe muſt die, elſe ſhee'll betray me
Put out the light, and then put out the
If I quench thee, thou flaming miniſte
I can againe, thy former light reſtore,
Should I repent me; but once put out
Thou cunning patterne of excelling
I know not where is that promethian
That can thy light returne: when I ha
I cannot giue it vitall growth againe,
It muſt needes wither; I'le ſmell it on
A balmy breath, that doth almoſt perſ
Iuſtice her ſelfe to breake her ſword o
Be thus, when thou art dead, and I wil
And loue thee after: once more, and
So ſweete was ne're ſo fatall: I muſt w
But they are cruell teares; this ſor
It ſtrikes when it does loue: ſhe wake
Deſ. Who's there, *Othello*?
Oth. I, *Deſdemona*.
Deſ. Will you come to bed my L
Oth. Haue you prayed to night, *D*

M

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32)